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THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying beautiful portrait of the Queen of Roumania and in the sketch of her life by the late John Eliot Bowen, Ph. D., of the New York Independent. It was Dr. Bowen's influence that first secured this royal author as a contributor to American publications. Both sketch and portrait are from the *Cosmopolitan*.

Every one has heard of the reigning queen in Europe, who writes poems, and novels. The story of her life, her work, her deeds, her sayings, have been written down in books, and have been the subject of many magazine articles and countless newspaper paragraphs. All the biographical sketches are founded upon the "Life of Carmen Sylva," by Natalie Freiin von Stackelberg. Herein we learn that Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, was born Princess of Weid on the 29th of December, 1843. Weid was a small principality on the bank of the Rhine, near Ehrenbreitstein, and Elizabeth's family was an old and honored one. She was brought up in a strict, studious fashion, and her childhood was solitary except for the companionship of an invalid brother. She was repressed in her play by a rigid decorum, and was punished on one occasion because she joined the village children at their school. Her training might naturally have dulled her sensibilities, but it seems only to have quickened her own resources. At her summer home she wandered in the forest, and made friends with the birds and flowers. When a mere child she developed a poetic taste and talent. She began to write at nine, and at sixteen she kept a book in which she secretly copied all her verses. At this time her tasks were long and severe. She studied history, the languages, — Latin, Italian, French, and English, — grammar, arithmetic, geometry, and literature, and read poetry, history, and the drama for recreation. She even read three newspapers daily, and applied herself to politics. From eighteen until twenty-four the princess studied, travelled, or taught the poor. She seemed to have both talent and inclination for the latter work, and she declared that she was going to prepare herself to become a teacher. Her marriage with the Prince of Roumania, however, prevented her from carrying out this plan.

Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was placed at the head of the state of Roumania in 1866. He was unmarried, but he had had a romantic adventure with a young German princess some five years before. He was ascending a palace stair at Berlin when a miss came tumbling down into his arms. He saved her from what might have been a serious fall, and now that he was Prince of Roumania he bethought himself of this fair young girl, who was none other than the Princess of Weid. He asked her to become the Princess of Roumania, and they were married in 1869. They have

had but one child, a girl, who died when four years old. In her great grief over her loss, the mother found her only solace in ceaseless work. She had already acquired a knowledge of the Roumanian language — which is a Latin, not a Slavic language — and she now devoted herself to her people. She organized all kinds of charitable institutions, and sought to develop and establish the national characteristics of the people by the improvement of native industries, the encouragement of the adoption of the national costume, etc.

At this time also she began to devote herself seriously to authorship. Though she had written from childhood, she knew

nothing of the art of composition. For the first time now she confessed to a few chosen friends that she sometimes wrote verses. Under their advice she applied herself to the study of composition. She worked zealously for two years, when the Turko-Russian war for a time put an end to her literary labors. Roumania was a battle-field, and the princess was in every camp of sick and wounded. The people called her the "mother of the wounded," and erected a statue to her at the close of the war. Her husband, Prince Charles, was as brave as she was merciful, and played a gallant part at the battle of Plevna. After the war, by the Treaty of Berlin Roumania

was recognized as an independent kingdom, and certain conditions having been fulfilled, Charles and Elizabeth were in 1881 crowned king and queen of Roumania.

When peace was established, Elizabeth again turned her attention to literary work. In 1880 she published her first book under the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva. It was a volume of translations from Roumanian into German verse. This was followed in less than a year by a book of original poems. Since that time the queen has published in German no less than five volumes of poetry, four novels or stories, and two collections of tales; she has translated a novel from the French into German; she has written a book of aphorisms in the French, which gained for her the medal of honor from the French Academy; and she has recently translated into both German and English, but not yet published, a collection of Roumanian folk-songs. Even this summary does not include all her work or fully measure her literary activity. The total of production is such as few writers have ever equalled; and when we reflect that Carmen Sylva is a sovereign as well as an author, and that she has a thousand and one interests unconnected with literature, we can have only admiration for her activity.

As to the quality of her productions, we can not always speak with equal enthusiasm. Her *Handwerkerlieder*, or "Songs of Toil," would be a credit to any author, even were she not a queen; but some of her poems and some of her stories have little more than average merit.

The beautiful portrait is from a photograph taken last winter and sent to me by her majesty. It represents her, not as the queen, but as the author. But although she has written "Carmen Sylva" upon it, she could not banish the queen from her face and figure. They reveal the majesty of the "mother of her people."

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

"There may be some," said Mr. Moody in the recent Chicago Conference, "who will ask what this Conference is for. It is not to train men for the ministry. It is to train a class of people who are scared away from the ministry, but who have a passion to save souls. I believe there are a great many of those people who, with a little polish, can be made very useful. They would be good workers in a Sabbath-school — make good superintendents. They would be good helpers for ministers, and would find a large field in which to do work for the Master. I am not attacking the colleges or the theological seminaries. The rush into those cities is so enormous that we want a class of men who, with the help of God, can do the impossible things. We want men who can go into the saloons and gambling houses and preach the Gospel of Christ. Do not be afraid we are going to tear down; we are going to build up. "At the age of twenty-one years I found



Carmen Sylva

W. M. POZOR
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myself without an education. I began to look around for a school, but I did not know where to go. I had a great desire to do something for God, and I believe there are men who feel just as I did. I believe there is such a thing as a man being educated away from a certain class of people. It strikes me that what we want is men to study in the forenoon, visit in the afternoon, and hold cottage prayer-meetings in the evening.

Mr. Sankey sang, "Throw out the life-line;" the last verse pleased Mr. Moody so much that he enthusiastically said, "Sing that again." Mr. Sankey complied, and the congregation joined in the chorus.

Miss Frances E. Willard began her address by making reference to the hymn which had just been sung. "Why was it," she said, "that the hymn so strained your hearts and mine? Did you notice the deep-toned voices of the men, and the gentle chorus of the women? Do you believe it would have been what it was, had it not been for the blending of the souls of humanity? I am fifty years old on Saturday, and I have seen many scenes but I never have seen Mr. Moody's church so near like what Christ would have it as to-night. What days are these when men and women are coming up in the regeneration and resurrection life of Christ. The question has been asked, 'How shall we meet the masses?' The way to reach them is to go where they are. Thank God for a Gospel that goes to the heathen. We are going out after the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

"I consider it a joy to be with you the first night of your Conference. 'The Master is calling for thee'—each one of us. He calls first by joy, and I believe he would never bring anything but joy if we would bend to his will. If we do not respond to the call he then sends the call of sorrow, and it has visited both your heart and mine. He calls by gifts. He calls by the needs of humanity. Stand on the street corner and you will see faces that will tell you whether humanity needs assistance or not. The individualism of Christ's Gospel is strongly emphasized in this new movement. In the army of Christ you cannot hire a substitute, and you would not if you could. We are here as those with one weapon—the Sword of the Spirit. Some yoke is on every neck that is here. With some it is the god of money—mostly the men. In other cases it is the goddess of fashion—mostly the women. The Master is here. I bid you be of good cheer, for God hath spoken blessed words. To this blessed Bible let us direct our lives." Miss Willard devoted a considerable part of her address to pointing out a field for female energy.

Mr. Francis Murphy spoke very briefly. In the course of his talk he said: "I thank you for the privilege of seeing this fisherman mend his nets and build a boat. It is a great thing to be a fisherman. Christ said, 'Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.' If you want to catch fish you must have bait. Then you want to keep very quiet, and must not fret. This is a new venture in fishing. In a measure we have been getting away from the simplicity of catching men."

KEEPING OUT THE COLD.

I remember when I was a young man having to walk several miles one very cold day, when snow was deep on the ground and a heavy cutting sleet blew in my face in the sharpest manner. I had a companion with me, and we trudged along bravely, forgetting even the cold in talking of the reception we should meet with when we arrived at our destination, where we had good and hearty friends to receive us. We had arrived within four miles of the place towards which we were bound, when by unlucky chance we came upon a neat little wayside inn, the landlord of which had prepared, and had quite ready, for all passing travellers as well as for his regular customers, a store of hot mulled ale. I did not really require anything of the kind, for I had breakfasted well and had devoured a pasty on the journey; but the temptation was too great to be resisted, so I went in with my companion and treated himself and myself to a pint of the perilous stuff, of the evil of which I then had no suspicion. The warmth-giving drink, as we thought, disposed of, we resumed

our journey; but we had not resumed it ten minutes before I felt the injury that had been inflicted on me, and saw the injury that had been inflicted on my friend. We both stood as if we were smitten, or as if we were spell-bound. The cold, cutting breeze and sleet came across us as though it would bar our passage. I felt as if I trod on wool, and as if every step forward was two backward. Added to this was the sense of the oppressive chill or coldness as if my very bones were cold. We were both active enough, happily, to fight out the struggle, and in half-an-hour or so, by keeping to our task, we began to feel better, and at last we got to our journey's end. It seemed to me as if I had passed almost through the peril of death from cold, and I have since learned that the symptoms I felt were the precise symptoms felt by those who go through Arctic service when they have proceeded "armed," as it is absurdly said, against cold by a ration of grog. At the time of which I speak I was ignorant of the relationship which alcohol bears to cold, and so I came to the childish conclusion that the landlord had doctored his fine ale with some other thing that affected us. Many people think and say the same when they have been half-poisoned by alcohol. Now I know that I was suffering from nothing but the alcohol in the ale, and that if, instead of ale, wine or spirit had been the liquid swallowed, the result would have been the same. Had I taken a stronger draught of alcohol, indeed, I possibly should have fallen down in the cold, and have died. I remember well the case of a youth I knew, who did die in that manner. He lost his way one bitter cold night, and, full of life, called at a lonely house, a rectory, to ask the direction to a village, only two miles off. The rector's housekeeper told him the way, and with the best intention gave him a glass of brandy and water to help him on. He got about 400 yards from the house, and there he lay down, and in the early morning a shepherd found him dead from cold and alcohol.—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

CONVERSATION AT HOME.

Few things are more important in a home than is conversation, yet there are few things to which less deliberate thought is given. We take great pains to have our house well-furnished. We select our carpets and pictures with the utmost care. We send our children to school that they may become intelligent. We strive to bring into our homes the best conditions of happiness. But how often is the speech of our household left untrained and undisciplined!

The good we might do in our homes with our tongues, if we would use them to the limit of their capacity of cheer and helpfulness, it is simply impossible to state. Why should so much power for blessing be wasted? Especially, why should we ever pervert the gift and use our tongues to do evil, to give pain, to scatter seeds of bitterness? It is a sad thing when a child is born dumb; but it were better to be born dumb, and never to have the gift of speech, than, having that gift, to employ it in speaking only sharp, unloving or angry words.—Central Christian Advocate.

CONCERNING THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

In conversation the other day, the principal of one of the largest high schools in the State said to me that the professedly religious pupils in his school gave him more trouble by bad deportment than any other class. One of my own pupils who has recently united with the church says that his religion has nothing to do with his school work. Another who had just been baptized and taken the vows of the Christian faith, was quite unwilling to promise to be a gentleman at school. All of the teachers in my school are members of churches, and deeply interested in the moral and religious welfare of our pupils. The one fact that disturbs us more than any other is that our professedly Christian pupils are not more careful concerning their conduct. They seem to have little appreciation of the fact that Christianity includes everything. Clearly there is something wrong somewhere. In the attempt to ascertain what it is, I have reached several conclusions that may be worth the notice of parents and teachers of religion. If I number

them, and formulate them, they may be more easily considered.

1. There should be the most careful instruction of the child by its parents that Christian living includes all the acts of life. The activity of every hour and minute should be Christian activity. All work in the line of duty is equally sacred. All work in the line of duty is "work for God." To wash the dishes, or to tend the baby, or to saw the wood, or to learn the lesson, may be done for the honor of the Master, as well as any form of Christian service.

2. There should be moral training from the earliest years. There is sometimes a sad mistake with reference to the meaning of this expression. Training implies a development of faculty. He has been trained morally whose knowledge of the right has been enlarged, and whose strength of will to do the right has been increased. When these have reached a high degree, then it may be said that their possessor has a high moral training. It is the duty of parents and teachers to nourish into vigorous life the sense of moral obligation; to give the most careful instruction as to what is right action, and why it is right; and to encourage the child in the most delicate and skillful ways to choose right conduct from right motives.

3. Parents and teachers must be patient of results in moral and religious education. The best fruits ripen slowly, the noblest trees rise gradually to their perfection. Children must not be judged by the same standards which we apply to men and women. What we are to expect is Christian boys and Christian girls, not Christian statesmen or Christian philanthropists.

4. There is great need of agreement between parents and teachers as to the portion of the education of the child which falls to each. When this has been determined, then each should be held to his own work, and made responsible for the proper results. Christian boys and girls should be model boys and girls. They often are. They would always be, if their moral and religious training were what it should be.—High School Master in Morning Star.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 23, 1890.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.—Luke 4:1-13. Commit to memory, vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."—Heb. 2:18.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 4:1-13.—The Temptation of Jesus.
T. Gen. 3:1-13.—The Temptation of Adam.
W. Job 1:1-22.—The Temptation of Job.
Th. James 1:1-15.—The Endurance of Temptation.
F. Heb. 2:1-18.—Succor for the Tempted.
S. Heb. 4:1-16.—Sympathy for the Tempted.
S. 1 Peter 1:1-11.—Benefits of Temptation.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The First Temptation, vs. 1-4.
II. The Second Temptation, vs. 5-8.
III. The Third Temptation, vs. 9-13.

TIME.—A.D. 27, January, immediately after the last lesson. Tiberius-Cesar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Peraea.

PLACE.—The northern part of the wilderness of Judea, probably Mount Quarantania, west of the Jordan, west of Jericho.

OPENING WORDS.

The events recorded in this lesson were real occurrences. Satan, the prince of darkness, appeared in person to tempt the Prince of Life. Parallel accounts, Matt. 4:1-11; Mark 1:12, 13.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. Wilderness—a desert-region, probably in the neighborhood of Jericho. V. 2.—Did eat nothing—entire abstinence day and night is meant. V. 3. If thou be the Son of God—a malicious taunt. V. 4. It is written—Deut. 8:3. By every word—the command of God can supply every want. V. 5. Shewed unto him—in some supernatural way. V. 6. Will I give thee—a temptation to ambition or to reject the word of God. For that is delivered unto me—the world is to a certain extent under the power of Satan. V. 7. If thou wilt worship me—honor me, yield to my claims and you shall have all the kingdoms of the world. V. 8. It is written—Deut. 6:13. V. 9. Pinnacle—Herod's portico, overlooking the valley at a dizzy height. Cast thyself down—a temptation to presume upon God's saving him from danger into which he had needlessly gone. V. 10. It is written—Ps. 91:11. The devil quotes Ps. 116. Tempt the Lord—trifle with his loving care; Scripture, but perverts it. V. 12. It is said—Deut. it is impious folly to put God to the test by thrusting ourselves into uncalculated danger.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did Jesus spend his early years? What took place at his baptism? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?
I. THE FIRST TEMPTATION, vs. 1-4.—Whither was Jesus now led? What took place there? How long did the temptation last? What is said about his fasting? Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist? What was the first temptation?

How did Jesus meet it? What temptations like this have we?

II. THE SECOND TEMPTATION, vs. 5-8.—What was the second temptation? What was there in this to tempt Jesus? Why would it have been wrong? How did Jesus meet this temptation? How are we tempted like this?

III. THE THIRD TEMPTATION, vs. 9-13.—What was the third temptation? Why should this tempt Jesus? Why was it wrong? What scripture did Satan quote? How did Jesus meet this temptation? What is it to tempt God? To what temptations like this are we exposed? How may we overcome them? What did the tempter then do?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That the devil is a crafty, malicious enemy.
2. That, as he tempted our Saviour, so he will tempt us, and to try to lead us into sin.
3. That it is no sin to be tempted; the sin lies in yielding to temptation.
4. That, since Christ was tempted in all points like as we are, he is able to succor us when we are tempted.
5. That if we look to Jesus he will help us to overcome the tempter.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Where did Jesus go after his baptism? Ans. Into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.
2. How was he tempted to doubt the word of God? Ans. In turning stones into bread.
3. How was he tempted to deny the word of God? Ans. In worshipping Satan.
4. How was he tempted to presume upon the word of God? Ans. In casting himself down from the temple.
5. How did Jesus meet each temptation? Ans. With the words of Scripture.

LESSON IX.—MARCH 2, 1890.

JESUS AT NAZARETH.—Luke 4:16-32.

Commit to memory, vs. 18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."—John 1:11.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 1:35-51.—The First Disciples.
T. John 2:1-12.—The Marriage of Cana.
W. John 2:13-25.—The cleansing of the Temple.
Th. John 3:1-21.—Nicodemus.
F. John 4:1-42.—The Woman of Samaria.
S. Luke 4:16-32.—Jesus at Nazareth.
S. John 4:43-54.—The Nobleman's Son Cured.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Preaching at Nazareth, vs. 16-21.
II. Rejected at Nazareth, vs. 22-27.
III. Driven from Nazareth, vs. 28-32.

TIME.—A.D. 28, April, the second year of Christ's public ministry; Tiberius-Cesar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Peraea.

PLACE.—Nazareth, a city of Galilee, sixty-five miles north of Jerusalem, now called El-Nasira; Capernaum, a city on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, near its northern end.

OPENING WORDS.

There is an interval of more than a year between this lesson and the last, of which the evangelist John has given us a record in the first five chapters of his Gospel. In his progress Jesus came to Nazareth and taught in its synagogue. Parallel passage, Matt. 4:13-16. Luke alone records this first rejection at Nazareth.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 17. Book—or roll. Ancient books were written on long strips of parchment and rolled on sticks. V. 18. The Spirit—Isa. 61:1, 2. Anointed—set apart. Acts 10:38. The poor—the poor in spirit. Matt. 5:3; 11:28. Captives—those in bondage to sin and Satan. V. 19. Acceptable year—the time when the Lord is gracious, the accepted time. 2 Cor. 6:2. V. 21. Fulfilled in your ears—by the Messiah now present and preaching to you. V. 23. Heal thyself—thy own people. V. 24. Many widows—see 1 Kings 18:24. Elias—Elijah. V. 26. Sarepta—between Tyre and Sidon, near the border of Galilee. V. 27. Elisha—Elisha. Naaman—see 2 Kings 5:14. Thus both Elisha and Elijah carried God's mercies to strangers and Gentiles. V. 29. Brow of the hill—forty or fifty feet high at the present time, and then probably higher. V. 30. Passing through—awing the mob by his majesty and power.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Title of the lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PREACHING AT NAZARETH, vs. 16-21.—To what place did Jesus come? What did he do on the Sabbath-day? What was delivered to him? What place in the book did he find? Isa. 61:1, 2. What did Jesus then do? What did he say about the text?

II. REJECTED AT NAZARETH, vs. 22-27.—What effect had Christ's words on the people? What did they ask concerning him? What did he now say to them? Why would they use this proverb? What examples did he give of the prophets doing as he did? What did he intend to show by these examples?

III. DRIVEN FROM NAZARETH, vs. 28-32.—What effect had our Lord's discourse? What did the people do? How did Jesus escape from them? Where did he go? What effect had his preaching there?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That it is our duty to attend public worship.
2. That the gospel is especially suited to the poor, the broken-hearted and the captive.
3. That men may admire the preaching of the gospel, and yet remain in their sins.
4. That gospel truth offends those whom it does not enlighten and save.
5. That we should receive Jesus as our Saviour, listen to his words and obey them.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. To what city did Jesus come? Ans. He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up.
2. What did he do on the Sabbath? Ans. He went into the synagogue and spake to the people.
3. How were the people affected? Ans. They wondered, and said, Is not this Joseph's son?
4. What did they do in their wrath? Ans. They thrust him out of the city and would have killed him.
5. How did Jesus escape? Ans. He passed through the midst of them and went to Capernaum.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

STRENGTH AN INCOME.

Men and women shrink from financial poverty in old age, but the wealth of nations cannot save from physical poverty if strength has not been administered wisely. How many men and women who are busily hoarding money for that future are hoarding the strength that will make it doubly rich? Faces grow old and wrinkled and voices shrill and dissonant, not in service, but worry. Who would rather not wear out than rust out? But let us live to a purpose; let us wear out evenly, not in holes that require patching. What service we render, let it be given in health, not disease; in joy, not in pain. As there are men and women who watch the outlay of every penny, so there are men and women who must watch the outlay of every physical and mental effort. We should develop a wholesome shame for disease; we should see in it the result of transgression; and, when so soon, it leads to repentance and conversion. Two women were overheard conversing recently. The conversation ran something like this:

"You do not seem very well, Carrie; what is the matter?"

"I'm not well at all. I have all the symptoms of nervous prostration, just as I had them two years ago. Charlie is worried to death."

"Why do you try to do so much? Why do you not give up some things?"

"I just can't. I must keep doing all the time, or I am unhappy."

The woman was an efficient worker in a number of charities, but poor Charlie!

An earnest-looking man about forty, and unmarried was talking to a group of his friends, men and women. The subject of the nervous, not to say irritable, condition in which so many men and women were living had been the subject of conversation, when with strong emphasis, he said: "I would not allow my wife, if I had one, to belong to Dr. —'s church."

Every woman in it is filled with an evil spirit she calls work, and every woman in the church is suffering from nervous prostration. Is that the rest religion gives? I tell you that church is a woman-killer."

All men and women should study their own natures enough to know where to call, Halt!—to place the legend, "Thus far, and no farther," and live up to it. Then, when the emergencies make large demands, the exchequer will not be empty; poverty will not be added to the other burdens.

Treat your strength as you do your income—getting the best results for the amount expended, and leaving a margin for use in the non-productive days.—*Christian Union*.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

The Fullers were an influential, wealthy, cultured family, and among the most prominent members of the principal church in the town in which they lived. Every Sunday they filled their pew, gave liberally, and the minister was always welcomed to their table.

Mrs. Fuller was a sincere Christian woman. No one acquainted with her daily life could question her sincerity. But she was peculiarly reserved and sensitive, with an extreme dislike of obtruding on the reserve of other people. Her son was her constant companion as he grew to early manhood—a clever, spirited boy; keen of apprehension and eager for knowledge. His mother discussed every subject but that of religion freely with him. He had been sent to Sunday-school, and had been taught Jewish history and the life and mission of Christ. But she had never asked him to consider the relation in which he himself stood to God, or urged him to take Christ as the guide and model of his life—his Friend and Master. There had been times when she felt almost driven to do this but when the lad was at her side her courage had failed her. He was a handsome, healthy young man, a noted athlete, with a life full of plans and hopes before him; there was plenty of time, she felt, for such counsel.

The boy, however, was struck down by diphtheria. On the second day, the physician told him that he had not an hour to live. While he lay stunned and silent,

some one spoke to him of Christ as a Saviour.

"Saviour? Why, I never thought about Him!" he cried. "He is no Saviour of mine. Mother, why didn't you talk to me about Him?"

These were his last words. In a few moments his senses were clouded, and before the hour was over he was dead.

Every mother will understand the fearful legacy of remorse left by these words. Yet how many mothers, although religious in their profession and habits, never break the silence between themselves and their sons on this subject? If a man's mother does not care for his soul, who will?

GIVE THEM TIME.

"Old Forbes," as the neighbors called him, was a Pennsylvania farmer of the old type; correct in his morals, bigoted in religion, shrewd in business, and stubborn as iron in his prejudices. He had three sons of different character from himself, each of whom, as he passed out of childhood, became vicious, deceitful and ungovernable.

Their father at last brought his troubles to the minister. "I have done my duty," he said. "I have never neglected to punish them when they did not walk in the right way."

"But did it ever occur to you," said old Doctor D—, "that the right way for a sheep is not the right way for a lamb? You expect from boys of fourteen the wisdom of thirty, and punish them when they fall short. Why are not these peaches in bearing, Brother Forbes?" he asked abruptly.

"They were only planted last year," said the farmer, nettled at the question. "You must give them time."

"Yes, and give your human plants time," said the old clergyman, as he left him without another word.

Farmer Forbes, after much thought, determined to "hand the boys over to their mother a while."

The experiment was successful. The mother had patience, as well as high aims. Her sons in the end fulfilled both her hopes and her prayers.

There are few families now to be found even in Puritan New England or Presbyterian Pennsylvania in which the iron rod holds away as it did fifty years ago. Children are suffered to grow up without the savage pruning and wrenching of character once too common, but they are often subjected to an unnatural mental strain almost as hurtful. A boy of average ability is put into a class of lads who have nimbler brains than he, and—what he lacks—the ease of habit in study. He is urged to take the prize from John or to equal William in marks, as though he would be ruined for life if these boys pass into a higher class while he is left behind.

In the best schools of the country the mind of each pupil is developed or stimulated to a healthy growth, as a plant is nourished in the garden, without reference to other plants.

The wise father knows, too, that it is not necessary to use the pruning-knife continually. There are faults of childhood which disappear with that age, as the vigorous tree easily throws off the false shoots that clogged its growth as a sapling.—*Youth's Companion*.

WHAT CHILDREN DO NOT NEED.

"Died of too much grandfather, grandmother, uncle, and aunt," would be a fitting epitaph for many a bright child. Emotion is the most exhaustive of all mental attributes. What children do, and how much, is of far less importance than the way in which they do it. The evils of premature mental activity are without doubt very great; to prematurely and unduly excite emotional manifestations is tenfold more hurtful. In this regard there seems to be the densest ignorance. The fact that young children's only business in life is to develop slowly—to eat, sleep and play in childlike fashion, is too often forgotten in the home circle. On the contrary, they are supposed to attend to their own work of growing and developing, and afford fun for the family at the same time. Our tender little ones are made the playthings of the household—hugged, kissed, talked to, and made to talk, for the pleasure and gratification of parents and

friends. Their callow brains are overworked by exciting and intense emotion. What wonder they have big heads, little bodies, and hardly any digestion at all! Feebleness, asymmetry, excitability, premature arrest of growth, are some of the evils resulting from this continued tension selfishly imposed by thoughtless grown folk upon unresisting childhood.—*New York Medical Journal*.

TO COOK DRIED FRUIT.

It may seem like a broad, sweeping assertion, says the *American Analyst*, when we state that nine out of every ten persons who undertake to cook dried fruit make a positive failure. The usual method followed is a very poor one, that of selecting the fruit to be eaten at lunch, dinner or tea two or three hours prior to using it, rinsing it in a little water, then placing it in water and allowing it to remain to soak for two or three hours only, then pouring off the water in which the fruit was soaked and applying fresh water, putting it on the stove and cooking it thoroughly. Such a manipulation as this is calculated to produce the poorest possible result, if it does not actually ruin the fruit. Many people consider dried fruits hardly worthy of their time and attention; from the fact that after repeated trials they find so little of value—the fruit having lost its original flavor is tasteless and not at all palatable. If the following method for cooking dried fruit is followed, a directly opposite result will be realized. Select the fruit that you intend to use, rinse it thoroughly in clean, clear water, then place the fruit to soak in an earthen dish, with sufficient water to cover it, from ten to fifteen hours before requiring it for use. Then place it on the back of the stove in the same water in which it has been soaked, which contains the flavor and nutrition soaked out of the fruit and allow it to simmer slowly, just coming to a boil occasionally until it is entirely cooked through; add sugar as the occasion requires to make it palatable. It can be served either hot or cold as you desire; as a rule if it is placed one side and allowed to cool, it will be fully as palatable. By this method you will secure a wholesome, palatable dish, fully flavored and resembling in appearance, size, taste and flavor the original green product, as near as is possible.

CALLING THE SABBATH A DELIGHT

It is for the parents to make clear the distinction that marks, in the child's mind, the Sabbath as the day of days in the week's history. The child may be differently dressed, or differently washed, or differently handled, on that day from any other. Some more disagreeable detail of its morning toilet, or of its day's management, might on that day be omitted, as a means of marking the day. There may be a sweeter song sung in its hearing, or a brighter exhibit of some kind made in its sight, or a peculiar favor of some sort granted to it, which links a special joy with that day in comparison with the days on either side of it. So soon as the child is old enough to grasp a rattle or to play with a toy, there ought to be a difference between his Sabbath rattle or other toy, and his weekday delights in the same line. By one means or another he should have the Sabbath to look back upon as his brightest memory, and to look forward to as his fondest anticipation. And in this way he can be trained to enjoy the Sabbath, even before he can know why it is made a joy to him. A child is well started in the line of wise training when he is carried along as far as this.—*S. S. Times*.

VARY A CHILD'S OCCUPATION.

Don't let a child play the whole day long, as after a certain period toys would lose their charm for it. There are plenty of ways of amusing a child. Take, for instance, all the nice occupations which Froebel, the children's great friend, invented for his "Kindergarten," and you will find that they are not only a pleasant change, but at the same time they will develop a child's qualities, such as patience, perseverance, &c. There are, for instance, paper-weaving, pricking and sewing patterns on paper, &c., that will be thoroughly enjoyed by every child. I can tell by experience how delighted children are when they have done such a nice little work, and

how much pleasure it gives them to make presents to their aunts, sisters, and friends of "self-made" mats. Of course, by-and-by the child's work will get more and more perfect, and then it will learn to work different and more elaborate patterns. The material can also be varied, and instead of paper—cloth, leather, &c., may be used. I have seen some mats for a dressing-table worked in two shades of blue leather, which looked very pretty indeed.—*The Housewife*.

MAIDENLY RESERVE.

Since it is undoubtedly true that some of our girls, who show nice discrimination as to where they go themselves, are careless, at times, of where they allow their representatives to go, that is, the pictures which stand for them, the warning of the *Congregationalist* is appropriate, and, I doubt not, sufficient.

"American girls have so much freedom in social matters that they sometimes overstep the bounds of real delicacy through simple thoughtlessness. But Hood rightly says that

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart;

and there is one custom among young ladies which, we believe, is productive of harm from this cause rather than from any lack of genuine modesty. We refer to the practice of giving one's photograph indiscriminately to young men who are merely acquaintances. We always feel a twinge of pain on entering the room of a college youth and finding about his mirror, or arranged on the dressing-table, a dozen or more 'counterfeit presentments,' of refined girlish faces. It indicates that, although these girls may come from cultivated homes, there is an absence of fine perception of the fitness of things. To scatter one's photographs as carelessly as if they were so many visiting cards, is not a nice thing to do. It detracts something, also, from the sweetness and sacredness of bestowing one's photograph upon him who may one day have a royal right, as king of hearts to claim the original."—*Golden Rule*.

NEW YORK GINGER SNAPS.—One and a half cups molasses. Two tablespoonsful sugar. One cup butter or sweet nice lard, two tablespoonsful vinegar, two tablespoonsful saleratus in a little hot water. Salt and spice to taste. Mix stiff; roll thin; bake quickly in hot oven, first cutting them in any shape desired.

PUZZLES—NO. 3.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

I'm in purchase and in sell,
I'm in secret and in tell,
I'm in insolent and meek,
I'm in keenly and in weak,
I'm in hurry and in delay,
I'm in duchess and in boy,
I'm in muddy and in mat,
I'm in buggy and in yacht,
I'm in fever and in fan,
I'm in barrel and in can,
I'm in chamber and in cell,
I'm in hillside and in dell.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

CHARADE NO. 1.

My first a friend may be reckoned,
My second is a mile,
My whole is like my second
And emits a shining light.

R. H. JENKINS.

CHARADE NO. 2.

My first is used extensively
For quenching people's thirst,
My second is a useful dish,
My whole prepares my first.

R. H. JENKINS.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.

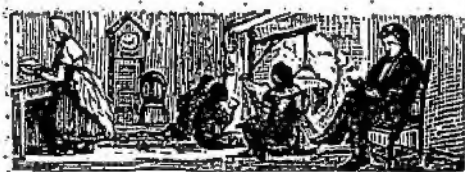
I'm in break but not in mend,
I'm in love but not in friend,
I'm in give but not in take,
I'm in sleep but not in wake,
I'm in sorry but not in gay,
I'm in June but not in May,
I'm in wretched, not in nice,
I'm in cash, not in price,
I'm in river, not in land,
I'm in ocean, not in sand,
I'm in virtue, not in vice,
I'm in heat, not in ice,
I'm in eider, not in gin,
I'm in birth, not in sin,
I'm in stool, not in pin,
I'm in earth, not in sky,
I'm in kill, not in die.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 2.

THREE ENIGMAS.—"Serve the Lord," (Deut. 10:12). 2. "The Lord liveth." (Psalms 13:46). 3. "Be thou perfect." (Genesis 17:1).

TWO SQUARES.—

A B A C K	O R A V E
B A R O N	R I V E N
A R E N A	A V E R T
C O N I C	V E R G E
K N A C K	E N T E R



The Family Circle.

WARFARE.

My hand has lost its cunning and its power,
I cannot fight;
My arm hangs helpless, like a wounded flower,
Killed by a blight!
My tendons, once of steel, are limp and shrunk—
Each yields, and bends;
My iron frame is like the blasted trunk
That lightning rends!
And where my armor? Is it also gone?
I wake to find
That I am standing here, disarmed, alone—
With youth behind—
And strength and beauty, and all else that dies,
Locked chill in death,
Gone like a vision of the night that flies,
At morn's first breath!
What has my warfare brought me? What great
gain?
How much renown?
Where are thy trophies? Where my conquered
slain?
And where my crown?
What are my victories that I should share
The victor's seat?
I fought as one who vainly beats the air,
And gained—defeat!
And this the end is! this the climax grand,
The name won!
The final downfall of a house of sand,
The last road run!
And what my profits are, I ask in vain,
For none are shown:
Nothing is left that I can count as gain,
Or call my own.
I toyed with shadows, while the sands of time
Rolled swiftly on;
And said not, "This is youth," until its prime
Was past and gone!
And now, in shame, before the Head Supreme,
With garments rent,
I crave for grace that I may yet redeem
The time misspent!
—Chambers' Journal.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

BY M. E. WHITNEY.

"This Molly of yours must be quite an exceptional woman," I remarked when Mr. Borden came to a full stop, after finishing his account of the way she managed the newsdealer and "Young America" in the matter of dime literature of the blood and thunder description.

He stood absently running the leaves of a magazine through his fingers. Being resolved not to lose this chance to find out more about this, to me somewhat mythical woman, I asked, "Does she try her reform measures upon the community at large?"

Mr. Borden laughed: "Oh, yes, wherever she sees an evil or a fault she is sure to attack it front and rear, and is usually victorious. It is needless to add, after the specimen I have given you, that it is much to the improvement of the vanquished. Moreover, she is so good-natured and tactful about it that after the battle is over and the smoke cleared away they generally have the grace to acknowledge that they are the better for it."

"There was one unusually bad habit," continued Mr. Borden, "among the young ladies, and some older ones as well, that she entirely cured the Gardner girls of. She went at it, too, in a way that was simplicity itself; yet the plan never seemed to occur to any one else."

"It was in this way: One day I received a card of invitation to her home for an evening only a couple of days in advance. That was after I had become quite well acquainted with her, and flattered myself that I was familiar with her peculiarities. I have since learned that she is a woman of exhaustless resources."

"But the party, on such short notice, I expected to be quite an informal affair. She had a way of chinking in little entertainments of one kind or another when there was any danger of stagnation in Gardner society."

"When the evening came I found only gentlemen present, and was soon aware that they only were invited. Of course the

novelty of the thing put us all on the qui vive for a denouement of some sort. After a little general conversation (and Molly is a delightful hostess) she stated in a few words why she had invited us, namely, to form an 'Anti-tease Society.'

"That never will do, Aunt Molly," exclaimed one of the boys. "If I want anything I will tease until I get it, and that's the short of it."

"Not too fast, Fred; this is something that you surely do often want, ask for, and always have to tease if you get it, yet you would be much sooner gratified if you did not tease—that is, if you could persuade the other gentlemen to refrain also."

"A conundrum," exclaimed John Hale. "A riddle," with a wise shake of the head from Charley.

"Well, then, guess it," said Molly with a smile.

"Let us see the chromo first," put in Fred.

"O, Aunt Molly tell us, we never can guess your riddles."

"Do tell us," from one and another. All were interested, some curious, but the most of them a little shy, afraid that she was trying to encroach upon their liberties in some way.

"After getting us thoroughly awakened, she proceeded to tell us that it was a serious fault of the girls that she wished to enlist our services against. It was a very bad habit indeed; it grieved their friends, and was uncommonly aggravating to the young gentlemen of their acquaintance; moreover, it made them appear silly and disoblige in society, as well as at home."

"Molly was so in hopes she could get the boys to help her; she had thought of a way, but if they could suggest something better she would be glad; if not she trusted that they would help her carry out her little plan."

"There she sat in a low chair, her fingers busy with some plain knitting, her face lighted up, and looking ten years younger than when in repose."

"Aunt Molly, this is rich!" exclaimed Charley Gardner. "Only just to think that the ladies need reforming, and above all, to have one of their number own it! Are you to be reformed with the others?"

"I am happy to say, Charley, that the habit I now have under consideration is one I became ashamed of and abandoned years ago; but there is still room for improvement, and I hope you boys will take my faults in hand when you have nothing more important to do."

"Now, here were more than twenty young men, from eighteen to thirty years of age, every one curious and waiting anxiously for an explanation, and at this instant Molly rose, saying: 'Pray excuse me for a minute,' and left the room."

"Within the time for which she asked, she returned, followed by an Abigail bearing some light refreshments, which we were soon discussing with zest. I learned afterward that Molly was famous for these little treats, always seasonably rare, and just enough to take the edge from formality and promote good fellowship."

"The boys talked and wondered for a full half hour with but little help from Molly, when, suddenly, as she was apt to do even the thing expected of her, she asked if we were ready to help her."

"We are ready to hear what it is that you want us to do," said John Hale, feeling his way.

"Cautious as usual," remarked Molly with a smile. "Afraid your aunty wants to trap you, I suppose. Never mind. I know you all want to hear what that fault is, and I am as anxious to tell you, only this is to be a secret society, and you are all to promise before I reveal this short-coming of my sisters never to tell a person, or even let any one guess that you know it."

"Oh, we promise."

"It shall be a dead secret."

"Secret as the grave."

"Mum is the word."

"Administer your oath," were some of the responses.

"Well, then, listen. This fault is a habit the girls all have of refusing to play or sing till they have exhausted everybody's patience with teasing."

"This announcement was received with a clapping of hands."

"But how, then, are we ever to have any music?" asked Charley with a rueful face. "The girls never will give in until

we are just tired out with teasing—in fact, too tired to more than half enjoy the fruit of our labors."

"Only too thankful, if anything, but teasing will get the music," remarked Will Castleton; and Molly declared that we could have just as much music for once asking as soon as the girls understood that they would be asked only once."

"We were all skeptical, but finally agreed to sign a paper binding ourselves to ask a lady only once on any occasion for music, either vocal or instrumental, the promise to hold us for only one month, unless it was satisfactory. Molly also insisted upon our promising never after this evening to speak of this agreement, even among ourselves. This being fully understood and settled after many words, Molly, glancing at the clock, said:

"I believe we all have invitations to the Armstrong's party next week. We will undoubtedly get a good deal of amusement out of this, but we must be very careful not to betray ourselves by word or glance. Meanwhile many of you will have opportunities to try the plan at home. Now you may talk and laugh over this matter as much as you please for half an hour, then it will be time that all reformers and good little boys were jogging quietly home."

"That was the first of Molly's reform societies that I was invited to join, and I certainly never enjoyed an evening more," remarked Mr. Borden after a reflective pause.

"That society was a success. I am sure my surprise was almost equal to my pleasure, when I first witnessed the alacrity with which the ladies of Gardner responded to a request for music. You may be sure that more than twenty young men enjoyed that party at Mr. Armstrong's hugely. It was near breaking up, before the ladies studied out where the litch was. We had only two pieces of music, one by Molly and the other by a young lady whom the gentlemen not in the secret teased until she consented to favor them."

These gentlemen, however, saw through the plan about as soon as the ladies, and tacitly joined the 'Anti-Teasers,' and thereafter, one request was all that was necessary to start a lady to the piano. If a lady for any cause refused, it was considered final."

A LESSON FOR THE GRADUATE.

The *Christian Union*, in a recent issue, inculcates a great lesson of duty and of trust to the graduate of our schools who fail to secure at once the position of honor and apparent usefulness expected. These are the outlines of the incident: A young lady graduates at one of the foremost of the colleges of our land. No call to teach comes to her except that of a very small school in a manufacturing town. She accepted with a feeling of dissatisfaction and ingratitude. In a little time, however, to cherish this spirit seems to her wholly wrong and unchristian. She determines, therefore, to overcome it and give herself in helpful effort to her scholars. She devotes her life entirely to them, and seeks in every way to instruct them and develop them for the better. One day, in strolling with them, she explained the subject of strikes and the loss which usually comes by them to the laborers. We now let the *Christian Union* close the story and mark the timely and important moral:

"Among the listeners was a ragged Irish boy who seemed to be immensely interested, and at the close of the conversation requested the teacher to repeat what she had said. That afternoon, when school closed, the same ragged boy went to the desk and asked permission to bring his father to hear what the teacher had to say about strikes. The young girl was naturally timid, and it took all her courage to assent to the boy's proposal. The next day the father came—a rough, big, dirty, and eminently unattractive Irish factory hand. He evidently looked for no new light, but, at his boy's request, had come to hear what the slip of a teacher had to say about strikes. Trembling within, but with a bold exterior, the young girl repeated her conversation, elaborating her points to make them a little clearer; the man seemed interested. Not long after that the teacher learned that the man to whom she had talked was the leader among the operatives of the town; that he had

organized a strike, which was on the point of being put into operation when her talk with her children took place, and that she had impressed so deeply the leader that the whole matter was postponed. A great strike had been averted by the school-mistress who thought that little place offered her no opportunity worth using! This incident might be multiplied a thousand fold in every field of labor. Opportunities which open the widest doors to usefulness and influence are constantly coming to men in the humblest possible guises. There is only one way of making sure of one's great opportunity, and that is to treat every opportunity as if it were great."

A PAIR OF ORIOLES.

The following illustration of humanness in bird life comes from an article by Olive Thorne Miller in the *Atlantic*. Having captured two orioles, she kept them for some time; and this is only one among many interesting and amusing traits that they revealed:

"Not all the time of the beautiful orioles was passed in contentions; once having placed themselves on what they considered their proper footing in the family, they had leisure for other things. No more entertaining birds ever lived in the room; full of intelligent curiosity as they were, and industriously studying out the idiosyncrasies of human surroundings in ways peculiarly their own, they pried into and under everything,—opened the match-safe and threw out the contents, tore the paper off the wall in great patches, pecked the backs of books, and probed every hole and crack with their sharp beaks. They ate very daintily, and, as mentioned above, were exceedingly fond of dried currants. For this little treat the male soon learned to tease, alighting on the desk, looking wistfully at the little china box whence he knew they came, wiping his bill, and, in language plain enough to a bird student, asking for some. He even went so far, when I did not at once take the hint, as to address me in low, coaxing talk, of very sweet and varied tones. Still I was deaf, and he came within two feet of me, uttering the half-singing talk, and later burst into song as his supreme effort at pleasing or propitiating the dispenser of dainties. I need not say that he had his fill after that."

THE LAPSED MASSES.

It seems to us that much ingenuity and sentiment is wasted upon this question of the non-attendance of the masses at church. The result of it all has been practically to make the said masses look upon themselves as much injured people, who want to attend church if those wicked millionaires would only let them—i.e., would pay pew rent for them, furnish velvet cushions, and perhaps send their carriages. Anxious people make the excuses—pew rents, too stiff and starched, poor preaching, caste feeling, discourtesy, fine clothes—and the masses accept, use them, and finally think they are terribly used."

If a man wants to worship God, and believes he honors him by attending public worship, he'll go to church, though a hundred millionaires curled their noses at him; if he doesn't, well, he'll stay at home, and use any excuse that is handy. As a rule, it lies in the man's own will."

A communistic feeling is often traceable in many of the letters which so-called workingmen have written to account for non-attendance on Church ordinances. Practically, it is jealousy of wealth—natural, no doubt, to a man who has little but hardship in his life, and he has all our sympathy—that often makes him forswear all approach to places where he thinks wealth does congregate. Attractive preaching on labor topics might, one correspondent suggests, draw the artisan to church. Well, it much depends on the artisan, his intelligence, etc. Nor can we agree that education is a hinderance to the ear of the masses. People may quote Christ if they will as the example of an artisan preacher, but Christ never decried education, and in addition chose St. Paul, the most active of apostles, as also the most laborious. A workingman summed up our opinion in a late issue, "Why do not the masses attend church? Because they don't want to!"—*Canadian Advance*.

WHIPPING BY PROXY.

Few of the old court customs practised in olden times were more curious than "whipping by proxy." It appears that the office of the whipping-boy doomed its unfortunate occupant to undergo all the corporal punishment which the heir-apparent to the throne—whose proper person was, as the Lord's anointed, considered sacred—might chance to incur "in the course of travelling through his grammar and prosody." One of the most celebrated instances of the observance of this custom was the appointment of Barnaby Fitzpatrick as King Edward Sixth's whipping-boy, to which we find numerous allusions. Thus Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation" (1865, ii. 373), says: "This Fitzpatrick did afterwards fully answer the opinion this young king had of him. He was bred up with him in learning; and, as it is said, had been his whipping-boy, who, according to the rule of educating our princes, was always to be whipped for the king's faults. 'He was,' says Fuller's 'Church History of Britain,' 'Prince Edward's proxy for correction, though, we may presume, seldom suffering in that kind, . . . yet when execution was done, as Fitzpatrick was beaten for the Prince, the Prince was beaten in Fitzpatrick, so great an affection did he bear his servant.' He was afterwards made by Queen Elizabeth Baron of Upper Ossory in Ireland, which was his native country."

Strype, in his "Ecclesiastical Memorials" (1822, ii. 507), makes several allusions to Barnaby Fitzpatrick, and relates how he was "much favored by King Edward VI. having been bred up with him from a child. Him the king sent into the French king's court, furnished him with instructions under his own hand for his behavior there, which are preserved in Fuller's History, appointed him four servants, gave him three hundred French crowns in his purse, and a letter to the French king in his favor, declaring that the king had sent him thither to remain in his court to learn fashions, for the better serving him at his return."

Among other references to this custom may be noticed one by Burnet, in the "History of his Own Time." This writer, in speaking of Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, who afterwards became Duchess of Lauderdale, tells us that her father, William Murray, had been page and whipping-boy to Charles I. As a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" points out, we hear nothing of such an office being held by any one in the household of Prince Henry, the elder brother of Charles I. It appears, too, that it was customary to have such a substitute in France, for Fuller, in his "Church History," 1655 (ii. 342) says that D'Ossat and Du Perron, afterwards Cardinals, were whipped by Clement VIII. for Henry IV. of France. Louis XIV. however, who was contemporary with our Charles I, on one occasion, when he was conscious of his want of education, exclaimed, "Est ce qu'il n'y avait point de verges dans mon royaume, pour me forcer à étudier?" This remark, indeed, seems to show that such a practice was not always observed in France.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Fortunes of Nigel" (chapter vi.), on introducing Sir Mungo Malagrowth, of Girnigo Castle, to his readers, gives a graphic account of this custom. After narrating how he had been early attached to court in the capacity of whipping-boy to King James VI., and trained to all polite learning, with his majesty, by his celebrated preceptor, George Buchanan, he adds: "Under his stern rule—for he did not approve of the vicarious mode of punishment—James bore the

penance of his own faults, and Mungo Malagrowth enjoyed a sinecure. But James's other pedagogue, Master Patrick Young, went more ceremoniously to work, and appalled the very soul of the youthful king by the floggings which he bestowed on the whipping-boy when the royal task was not suitably performed. And be it told to Sir Mungo's praise that there were points about him in the highest respect suited to his official situation. He had, even in youth, a naturally irregular and grotesque set of features, which, when distorted by fear, pain, and anger, looked like one of the whimsical faces which present themselves in Gothic architecture. His voice was also high-pitched and querulous, so that, when smarting under Master Peter Young's unsparing inflictions, the expression of his grotesque physiognomy, and the superhuman yells which he uttered, were well suited to produce all the effects on the monarch who deserved the lash that

"Prince (Edward VI.)—Why, how now, Browne? what's the matter?"

Browne.—Your grace loiters, and will not ply your book, and your tutors have whipped me for it.

Prince.—Alas, poor Ned! I am sorry for it; I'll take the more pains, and entreat my tutors for thee. Yet, in troth, the lectures they read me last night out of Virgil and Ovid I am perfect in, only I confess I am behind in my Greek authors.

Will (Summers).—And for that speech they have declined it upon his breach."

We can easily imagine that such a custom would afford our old dramatists abundant opportunity for enlivening their audience by the witty introduction of it, especially as they generally contrived to gain popularity for their performances by upholding or ridiculing any foolish usages of the time.

It seems probable that this custom was not confined to our own country, and was, perhaps, practised in Spain, for the im-

Marquis de Leganez; and in revenge for all the cruel and unjust treatment which he had received, he took with him one hundred and fifty ducats of the master.

Once more, a few years ago, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article on the *Pekin Gazette* for 1876, called attention to the appointment of, among other instructors to the young emperor, a *Hahachute* or "whipping-boy," who by reason of his office suffers in his person for all the sins and shortcomings of his imperial fellow-student. —T. F. Threlton Dyer in *Leisure Hour*.

THE CRAMPING OF WOMEN'S FEET IN CHINA.

A native Chinese journal, discussing the practice of cramping ladies' feet, says that in 1664 the great and enlightened Emperor Kangshi issued an edict forbidding it under heavy penalties, and calling upon all local officials to suppress the custom. But four years later, on the advice of the Board of Ceremonies, he withdrew the edict, and left the ladies free to follow their own tastes. The origin of the strange custom seems to be lost in obscurity. In the eighth century of our era the wife of an Emperor of the Tang dynasty is said to have worn shoes three inches long, and one theory assigns the practice to the fourth century A.D., "when Pan Fei danced before the last of the sovereigns of the Tsi dynasty, and every footstep made a lily grow." It is also said that it originated in the tenth century, when a beautiful concubine of one of the Emperors "tied up her feet with silk in the shape of the crescent moon, and all the other beauties of the time imitated her." The older poets make no reference to the cramped foot, but sing of the beauty of the snow-white feet of the women of their times, when the foot-gear, when it was worn, was square-toed for men and round-toed for women. The native writer thinks the custom was progressive, and only gradually attained its present pitch. In the two southern provinces it is universal, but in many places women's feet are of the natural size.

BISHOP WALSH ON BAD BOOKS.

"A well-known editor in England has not hesitated to say that pernicious reading is doing more harm than all our schools are doing good. It is easy to indicate the direction in which the evil is working in all countries: in political matters, disturbing the foundations of loyalty and order; in social life, poisoning the springs of virtue and purity; in the regions of religious thought, sapping men's faith in the supernatural, either by open infidelity or screened skepticism. Nor is it merely through books and periodicals which men choose to procure for themselves that this mischief is being done. There are, though some may not be aware of it, organized agencies at work, which might well be described as diabolical, whose aim and object it is to introduce literature of the most corrupting kind to the notice of those who perhaps would never otherwise have heard of it; in some cases distributing it gratuitously and clandestinely. Revelations on this subject have been made which are enough to startle any parent who has a boy at school or a son at college."

This is an alarming situation described in the clear, strong words of Bishop Walsh. It should inspire the Christian and the philanthropist to unite in a vigorous and determined opposition to this withering curse. Action should be immediate and aggressive.

THE SCRIPTURES show us what God hath done for man, and what man is to do for God.



PRINCE EDWARD VI. AND HIS WHIPPING-BOY.

could possibly be produced by seeing another and an innocent individual suffering from his delict."

There were exceptions, however, to this rule, for Mr. Prince states in his "Parallel History" (1842, iii. 262), that when Dr. Markham inquired of George III. "how his majesty would wish to have the princes treated," he replied, "Like the sons of any private English gentleman. If they deserve it, let them be flogged. Do as you used to do at Westminster." It seems very clear, also, that Henry VI. was chastised personally.

In an old play entitled, "When You See Me You Know Me," the custom is thus noticed:—

provement of Philip III. Le Sage, it may be remembered, has introduced such a mode of correction in his "Gil Blas," relating the following amusing anecdote. He tells us how Don Raphael was at the early age of twelve selected by the Marquis de Leganez to be the companion of his son of the same age, who hardly knew a letter of his alphabet. In spite of the patient endeavor of his masters to induce him to apply himself to his studies, he persisted in frittering away his time, till at last the head-master resolved to give *le fouet* to young Raphael whenever the little Leganez deserved it. This, however, he did so unsparingly, that the boy Raphael made up his mind to run away from the roof of the

most corrupting kind to the notice of those who perhaps would never otherwise have heard of it; in some cases distributing it gratuitously and clandestinely. Revelations on this subject have been made which are enough to startle any parent who has a boy at school or a son at college."

POLLY'S PICNIC.

Polly was having a picnic all by herself one day, out on the lawn under the big maple tree.

She had carried out her table and chair, and her two dolls sat by her side in chairs of their own.

On the table was a nice red apple and two cookies and some "pop-corn." The popped corn was for the dolls, because, with a little help, they could be made to hold it in their hands.

Rover was stretched out on the grass, sound asleep. He was to have one of the cookies.

"I forget what they do first at picnics," said Polly to herself. "I don't think they begin by eating things."

While she was thinking about it a loaded waggon passed by, and as it came to the hill near the house, the horse stopped, and would not go on.

Perhaps he had been travelling a long distance and wanted to rest, or perhaps he did not like to draw a load up hill.

The man who was driving him began to beat and scold him, but still he would not move. Then the man beat and kicked him the harder, and Rover woke from his nap and barked furiously; but yet the horse stood still.

In a moment Polly had a bright thought. She caught up the red apple and ran out at the gate followed closely by Rover, and she said to the man:

"Please don't whip him any more. I can make him go."

Then she went before the horse, and held out the apple towards him, and he instantly forgot all his other plans, and thinking only of getting the apple, followed Polly, and quickly drew the heavy load to the top of the hill.

"Now you shall have it," said Polly, as she gave him the apple. "I can do without it at my picnic."

But the man, sad to tell, did not thank Polly for being so kind and brave, but only seemed angry that a little girl could do what he could not do.

Then Polly went back to her picnic, and ate one cookie, and gave the other to Rover, and the dolls had some popped corn. She did not miss the apple very much, because she was glad that she had helped the tired horse.

The apple was a little thing, and Polly was a little thing, but together they did a good deed.—*Youth's Companion*.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

"This," said Deacon Hayes, "is probably the last ship I shall ever build, and I intend to have her as perfect as possible."

So he selected a beautiful model, and knowing that the owner wanted something very superior he spared no time or money in procuring the best workmen to be found; and then he watched over every stick as it was hewn and fitted in its place, every plank that was spiked on the timbers, every spar that was prepared. When they came to put the copper sheathing over the bottom of the ship, the deacon watched it very closely. At one spot he found the head of a copper nail which fastened the sheathing split. The deacon's eyes were becoming rather poor, but he saw the broken head. "Jim Spiker, I see a nail broken; isn't there a little hole by its side?"

"Not a bit of it, I'm sartin. There couldn't a drop of water get in there in a century."

So the word of Jim was accepted; the ship was finished and launched, and made two or three prosperous voyages. During one of these she lay at a wharf in Calcutta. Now, these waters swarm with that little pest, the ship-worm. They crawled all over the ship, but could not get through the copper sheathing. At length Mrs.

Teredo lit upon the broken nail, found the little hole, and squeezed herself in. Then she began to eat the timber and lay her eggs in it. Soon they hatched and increased till the timber was full of little teredos, and then the next and the next, till every stick in the whole ship was very badly worm-eaten. Still the ship looked sound, sailed well, and made her long voyage. At length, when in the middle of the great ocean, a terrible storm met her. The wind howled through the rigging, as if singing a funeral dirge. The waves rolled up, and writhed as if in agony. Every spar was bent, and every timber and spike strained to the utmost. The cargo which filled the ship was of immense value. The crew was large and the passengers were many. Worse and worse grew the storm, till at last a huge wave struck her with all its power. The poor ship staggered, groaned once, and crumpled up like a piece of paper. She foundered at sea, in the dark night, in that awful storm. The rich cargo all went to the bottom of the ocean. The drowned men and women sank down, down, miles before they rested on the bottom. All done through the neglect of Jim Spiker, who was too unfaithful to mend the hole made by the broken nail.—*From Leaves of Light*.

A WHOLE DAY DOING NOTHING.

"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons—only play all day, I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work; no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate, when the children passed to school and they all envied her for hav-

ing no lessons. When they were gone she climbed up into a cherry tree, and picked a lapful for pies; but when she carried them in, her mother said, "That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know."

And the little girl went away, rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all her other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back, and watched her mother who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked. "No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went out into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother was setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said wearily, "Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your workbox in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them, for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said, "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt labor.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gave us, we can't be happy."



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

A DAY IN AN INDIGO FACTORY.

Starting from Lahore on August 1, 1886, I rode the bicycle southward to Calcutta, over about fourteen hundred miles of what seems to me to be the finest and most interesting highway in the world. My experiences were many and varied.

When I got well down into the Ganges Valley, toward Benares, among the swarms of natives who are always streaming along the road, I began to see men and boys who were stained a deep blue color from head to foot. Sometimes in the evening I met big gangs of these blue people as they trudged along, evidently on the way to their homes for the night. The only clothing they wore were breech-cloths and turbans, which were as blue as their bodies.

On the whitish surface of the broad, straight Indian road I could see objects for a long distance. In the slanting beams of the evening sun I could look ahead and single out these blue-bodied people from among the dusky throngs a mile away. I could see the sunlight glisten on their shiny, azure skins as it might on blue china images, and it presented a very curious effect.

At first I wondered what these men were, but it soon occurred to me that I had reached the Benares district in the very height of the indigo season. I often passed creaking bullock-garries carrying heavy loads of the indigo plant to the factories. Sometimes, in a stretch of country which was open and intersected with roads, I could see these stacks of dark green indigo plant slowly creeping from all directions to one point.

At length, one morning, I arrived at a great indigo factory situated near the road. Not far from the factory was the commodious bungalow of the planter, an English gentleman, Mr. T—, who had had many years' experience as an indigo planter. As I dismounted, Mr. T— came out, and promptly invited me to remain with him as long as I saw fit. The heat was something terrific, and, as I was curious to see something of indigo-making, I readily accepted his hospitality for the day. From the factory, two hundred yards away, there came such a babel of shouts and yells, seemingly from a hundred human throats, that I stood and listened for a moment before following my host to the bungalow.

Upon visiting the factory, I saw at once how my "blue people" of the road came by their coloring. We first visited the beating-vats, which were square tanks about eight feet deep and twenty feet square. Several of these vats were ranged side by side, or rather one long vat was divided into several by walls, which were also foot-walks. Out of these vats came the pandemonium of howling and shouting that had arrested my attention at the bungalow. In each vat about twenty naked natives stood waist-deep in liquid indigo.

"These are the beaters," said Mr. T—, "A rather wild-looking lot, aren't they?"

I fully agreed with him that they were wild-looking. The beaters in each vat were ranged in two rows, which faced each other. Each man was armed with a long-handled wooden spade. With marvellous dexterity and rhythmic accord, both rows of beaters were flinging into the air streams of indigo, which dashed together overhead, and splashed about the vat and over the beaters in showers of foam and spray. The beaters incited one another to extra exertions, sometimes by a shrill chorus, and again by frantic yells. Every man was as blue as a statue of indigo, and was covered with foam and splashing. The several vats were filled with these blue figures, who flung the liquid indigo high in air; the weird choruses shouted in shrill cadences; the flying froth, which settled on the laborers' heads and streamed down their glistening skins, made a scene totally different from anything I had seen elsewhere.

As we stood and looked on, Mr. T— explained to me the various operations, and the part that each played in the production of the indigo of commerce. The flinging and dashing of the liquid about in the air brings about a chemical transformation. The fluid, as it comes from the stalks and leaves of the plant is of a greenish color. The wild work of the beaters changes the tint into a beautiful deep blue by oxygenation.

At the same time that it changes in color, the dye stuff held in solution granu-

lates and settles to the bottom of the vats. When the beaters have thoroughly performed their work, they climb out of the vat and allow the contents to settle.

Mr. T— led the way to the farther end of the row of beating-vats and showed me one of them which had been settling for an hour.

"Here, you see," he said, "now it is settled, the liquor has changed color again from blue to a smoky green. Except that it is somewhat clearer, it looks about as it did before the beaters began to work on it."

The foreman now came and removed a plug from a hole in the wall. The green liquid gradually ran to waste, and there was revealed at the bottom of the vat a thick, pulpy sediment of blue. This was the indigo. Men now came with earthenware jars, which they filled and carried off to the boiling-room. Here the indigo was strained through wire sieves of fine mesh to remove all impurities.

After it has been strained, the soft blue mass is poured into big iron kettles and boiled for two or three hours, to evaporate the moisture and further granulate the indigo. It is then dumped into presses and subjected to heavy pressure by means of lever and screw.

The presses are square iron boxes, perforated like a colander and lined with press-cloths. By this process all the remaining water is forced out than can be removed by pressure. The indigo is turned out of the presses in dark blue cakes, which are of about the consistency of a bar of soap. Then it is cut up into commercial squares



INDIGO-BEATERS AT WORK.

and impressed with the stamp of the factory.

The cakes are then removed to the drying-house, a large, airy shed, provided with tiers of open shelves. Here they remain for two or three months, until they are thoroughly dry, and are then packed in boxes, and shipped to market. The chief Indian emporium for indigo is Calcutta, whence it is shipped to foreign markets.

"Now come this way," said Mr. T—, after we had visited the boiling and the drying-houses. "I want to show you something interesting."

Saying this, the indigo-planter led the way to a set of vats similar to those we had already seen, but elevated so that the liquor could be drained from them into the beating-vats.

"These," he said, "are the fermenting-vats. Now see!"

Here Mr. T— produced a match from his pocket, and lighting a stalk of dead indigo plant, he cast it, flaming, into one of the vats. The gases that were escaping from the fermenting mass of leaves and stalks ignited with a sharp report, and for an instant a bluish flame spread all over the vat. The experiment was repeated at the next vat with similar results.

In these fermenting-vats the indigo-plants are packed tightly in layers, as they arrive in the bullock-garries from the farms. Porous frames are laid on top,

and the mass is pressed or weighted down. Water is then pumped in with a Persian wheel, and the plants are allowed to steep.

Fermentation soon commences, and in a few hours the vats are bubbling and seething to the rim. This continues for twelve or fourteen hours, when the fermentation gradually subsides. The water is then run off into the beating-vats, to be manipulated in the manner I have described.

Of late years many improvements have been introduced into the manufacture of indigo. Much of the beating is now done by machinery, which does the work more thoroughly than it can be done by men. A special kind of yeast-powder is used to stimulate and increase the fermentation, and another preparation aids in the precipitation of the indigo after beating.—*Thomas Stephens, in Youth's Companion.*

EARTH-WORMS.

In wandering through the fields in the early morning we often see little heaps of newly disturbed earth, and occasionally catch glimpses of reddish or pink bodies quickly withdrawing into little tunnels in the sod. These are the earth-worms, considered the humblest of all animals; yet, as insignificant as they seem, they are among the most valuable aids to the agriculturist. We may appreciate this by selecting a field at random in a good producing country, making a section down through the earth of several feet, when, if carefully done, we shall find innumerable tunnels formed by the worms, leading

states that the vegetable mold thus transported in some places amounts to ten tons an acre. Think of it! If your ten acre farm is one of these favored localities, these silent workers, say to a number of a million, have ploughed up about one hundred tons of earth for you, giving you a fine top-dressing.

The worms not only carry all this material to the surface, but they drag vast quantities of leaves and other matter down that serve to enrich the soil and render it capable of producing larger crops. The earth-worms of Australia attain a large size, sometimes several feet in length, and have been seen climbing trees. Some casts found in India are a foot in length. The worms evidently live in complete darkness; but it is known that at certain times and under certain conditions they are luminous, so that a state of things may exist underground of which we have no conception, and the tunnels of these little creatures may be brightly illuminated.—*Living Light.*

SILENCING A SLEEPER.

It was on a Pennsylvania Railway train, coming north from the city of Washington.

All the passengers but two in the sleeper had dozed off. The exceptions were a young man and a baby.

The former was willing to follow the example of the majority, but the latter objected in a loud voice. Its cries awoke the other passengers, and some pretty strong language was heard.

The young man got out of his berth and carried the baby up and down the car, trying to soothe it. But the baby was fretful, and its voice would not be stilled.

Finally a grey-headed man, who was evidently an old traveller, stuck his head out from behind the curtains and called to the young man in a sharp voice:

"See here, sir, why don't you take that child to its mother. She will be able to manage it much better than you. It evidently wants its mother."

"Yes, that's it," echoed other irritated passengers.

The young man continued to pace up and down for a moment, then said in a quiet, strained voice:

"Its mother is in the baggage car."

There was an instantaneous hush. The gray-headed man stuck his head out into the aisle. "Let me take it a while," he said, softly; "perhaps I can quiet it."—*New York Sun.*

COMFORT FOR YOUNG POETS.

Dr. T. M. Coan gives a piece of advice to young writers which may be of service to some of them. He says: "Write poetry! You cannot write too much, if only you will spare your friends. Discipline yourself, but do not ask any one to read or to publish the verse you write."

"Verse-making is the best possible practice for writing prose; it trains you in the careful choice of words; it forces upon your consciousness a host of synonyms that you might never stop to find when you are ambling along in prose; it makes you think of clear expression, of melody, of liveliness, of conciseness—of every quality, indeed, that prose as well as poetry demands. Verse-writing, in a word, is the best possible tonic for the indolent writer of prose; for one cannot write even tolerable verse without taking pains."

To this may be added the well-known fact that almost all the noted writers of prose have actually written poetry, and many of them much poetry. John Quincy Adams, Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Doctor Franklin, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon Bonaparte and Frederick II. of Prussia all wrote more or less verse, though absorbed most of their lives in pursuits far removed from poetry.

There is a volume of interesting poetry filled with the productions of poets who published but one known poem. King Frederick, on the contrary, wrote and printed enough poetry to fill three octavo volumes. Verse-making was his habitual solace in time of trouble.

TRUE MERIT is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

THERE IS NO RELIGION without worship, and there is no worship without the Sabbath.

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The following is the essay which won the first prize :—

S. BEATRICE BLANCHARD, aged 16 years.
Hillside, Truro, N. S.

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John R. McEwen, Quebec; Janet McDonald, New Brunswick; Archibald McFee, British Columbia; Trenchholm McFee, British Columbia; Esther A. Pogue, Ontario; Bessie A. McInnis, Ontario; Winnifred Wedell, Ontario; Jessie Blackwood, Ontario; Bessie H. Swim, Nova Scotia; Bella F. Christie, Ontario; M. Olive Jones, Manitoba; Bessie Sawyer, Ontario; Daisy Cavan, Ontario; Mary V. Watson, Ontario; Nettie Williams, Ontario; Estella S. Gardner, Nova Scotia; Douglas McIntosh, Ontario; Jennie Warron, Ontario; M. C. Ferguson, Ontario;

The following are the names of our other young students, whom we wish to congratulate for the evidences of study and care shown in each paper. We should like to welcome double the number into our study circle next time.

~ Annie Osborn, Ontario; Robert Simpson, Ontario; Barbara Ferguson, Ontario; Mary

William V. Brown, Ontario; May C. Bates, Ontario; Addie Bigwood, New York; Millie Partridge, Nova Scotia; Jennie K. Barr, Quebec; George Young, Quebec; Ettie Washington, Ontario; Maud Montgomery, Prince Edward Island; Etta Goodhev, Manitoba; Louella Cummings, Ontario; Edith McDonald, Ontario; William S. Naylor, Quebec; Arthur W. Fisher, Minnesota; Jessie M. Gates, Ontario; Mary Jane Elliot, Quebec; Maggie J. Cameron, Quebec; Blanche Stockall, Nova Scotia; Ellen Burkholder, Ontario; Winnifred Urquhart, Ontario; John

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In our next number we hope to offer another set of prizes. Watch for full particulars.

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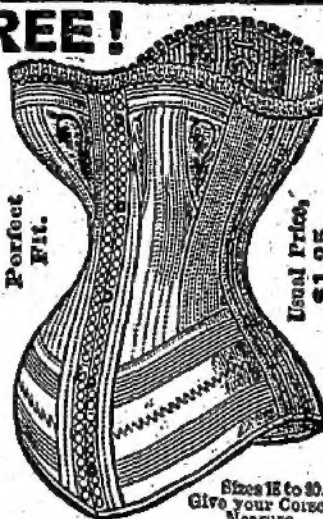
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